In Memoriam

Mrs. Sarah Potter Wirt

Born, Feb. 13, 1820
Died, Feb. 6, 1895

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THE PILGRIMAGE.

Sarah Potter was born in Sheffield, Loraine county, Ohio, near Oberlin, February 13, 1820. Her parents were from the State of Vermont.

Desirous of obtaining an education, in 1836, at the age of sixteen years, she became a member of the Oberlin Institute, as it was then called. Her parents being poor and blessed with a large family, she was obliged to support herself. This she did by teaching school and by working in the families of the professors.

When she was married by Prof. Charles G. Finney in 1845 to David Wirt she was in the third year of the Ladies' Course.

Having joined herself for life to a Home Missionary, she henceforth for nearly fifty years shared the toils and joys of the Home Missionary life at the front, in ten different States and Territories.

Notwithstanding her many household cares, she taught her children to read before they were sent to the public schools. She was herself a great reader, and throughout her busy life kept abreast of current thought. The latest missionary magazines and religious periodicals were always on her table. The writings of Bushnell, Beecher and Drummond were dear to her; at the time of her death "God in His World" and "The Republic of God" lay beside her Bible. But the Book of Books to her, read daily and practiced ever, was the

Word itself. All God's councils, whether in the Old or New Testament, were precious. Not her feelings, but "God says so," was the ground of her hope and faith.

With her love for the Bible was coupled her love for prayer and praise. While a student her voice was often heard at the prayer meeting, as well as in song in the Oberlin Choir. For many years, after husband and children had retired for the night, her voice could be heard pleading earnestly the promises of a covenant-keeping God.

While engaged in Home Missionary work on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad in North Dakota, from 1881 to 1887, the home was on the bleak prairie, a mile or more from any other dwelling. Nearly a mile from the house a hill gradually rose to the height of about 150 feet above the valley. This hill was named by Mrs. Wirt the "Hill Mizar" (Psalms, 42.6). Hither she often resorted when the weather permitted, Bible in hand, to spend hours at a time in sweet communion with heaven. God only knows what passed between her soul and Christ on that hill top; but may we not believe that the churches then being organized by her husband in the "Land of the Dakotas" were stronger and holier for those prayers.

She loved God's poor. Her last contribution a few days before her death was given to the American Missionary Association, from which Society the first commission came unasked to the then newly married couple.

Her husband and eight children survive her three sons and five daughters. One son is in the Gospel ministry, and one daughter, Mrs. Sarah Peoples, for thirteen years has been a missionary among the Laos people in Siam.

Her husband feels that whatever of success has attended his ministry is very largely due, under God, to her prayers, and her patient and cheerful life.

On the 6th of February, 1895, her emancipated spirit left its tenement of clay to be forever with her Lord.

Her earthly remains were interred in Mountain View Cemetery, near Oakland, Cal., February 8, 1895, Rev. E. S. Williams officiating.

"Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, for the Sinless hath died.

"Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee:
And death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died."

FUNERAL SERVICES.

Funeral services were held at her home in East Oakland, Cal. Her favorite hymn, "Rock of Ages," was sung, and, also, "Sleep On, Beloved!"

Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D., pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, read the first chapter of the first epistle of Peter, and in the remarks which followed dwelt particularly upon verse 8: "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." He spoke upon the sustaining hope of such daily vision of Christ; of how the "joy unspeakable" which it affords is sufficient not only to render any lot in life endurable, but to make it satisfactory.

Mrs. Wirt has spent most of her years in frontier places of our land, where the conditions of life are at the hardest, hardships many and material comforts few: much of weariness, much of trial, much of endurance, much of self-denial have been her appointed lot. Yet the glad faith disclosure of the risen, ever-living, glorious Christ has made all these things, if not welcome, at least not distressing. Thankfulness and not complaint has been the key note of her life; hope, not dread; cheerfulness, not depression; joy, not sorrow.

And how much of light and strength must a soul so inspired have given through fifty years of pastoral ministration in places where either comforts or comforters were

few. No doubt many an one has met life far more uncomplainingly and death far more fearlessly because of her example, her spirit and her words.

She rests from the labors of those long and toilful years, but her works do follow her; follow her not only into that heavenly world into which she has gone, but follow her still upon these various fields of earthly toil, out of which she has gone. She has now received the end of her faith, the completed salvation. The "little while" spoken of in verse 6 is past; she is no more to be put to grief through the manifold temptations; her faith has stood the final proof; it has doubtless been found unto praise and glory and honor at the revelation of Jesus Christ. It can, therefore, no longer be said of her, "Whom having not seen, ye love," nor "Now ye see him not." She does see him. And the joy which even upon earth was unspeakable, is in heaven even greater. It is to us inconceivable.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

In Memory of the Late Mrs. Sarah Potter Wirt, February 24, 1895, at Kenwood, Cal.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

Ninetieth Psalm: I Cor., 15 and 20.

HYMNS SUNG.

193. Gospel Hymns.
374. Hymn.
Duet, "Christian's Good Night."
375. Hymn.
Solo, "After the Storm There Is Rest."
114. Hymn.

TEXT.

"The Memory of the Just Is Blessed." Prov. 10 and 7.

This is a memorial service. It has been customary during all ages to mourn for departed friends. We have the children of Israel weeping for their dead leader forty days, David mourning for his son Absalom, Martha and Mary weeping at the grave of Lazarus, the widow in tears at the bier of her son, the women weeping at the Saviour's grave.

There are times when the Angel of Life enters the home and removes a loved one, and it is only the inmates of the home that feel the keen blow of separation. Again, there are times when a nation is found weeping at the grave of some leader, who has been cut off in the

midst of his usefulness, or has fallen in the conflict when his leadership was most required. Such was the case when Lincoln added his name to the list of martyrs. Then there are occasions when a community is bereaved, when a loved and honored member is removed, and all that is left of the dear one is the memory of the past, and blessed is that gift if the memory is such as is described in our text.

On such occasions as the present, how natural it is for the mind to turn back upon the past. We think of the friend that is no longer with us; we recall the benefits of our departed friend. Our mind wanders back upon the years we were associated with our friend. We remember the instances of kindness, the times in which the cares and counsels of our friend aided us. I believe it is proper to dwell upon the endearments of the past, to recall the frank, honest advice of the friend that is gone. These traits of character in the dear one we lose survive the grave, and live in our memory, and although death may claim the body it can never take from us the memory of the past, in which we see the life of the departed one. Whatever influence we leave behind us, it will be the influence of the character we have borne.

It makes a sad desolation when from the family circle mother is taken away, and when, whatever the successes or sorrows in life, she is to greet the returning son or daughter no more. The old home may still be lovely. The old cottage may look just as it did the day you left; you may recognize everything, but there is a familiar voice absent; mother is not meeting you at the door, mother's voice is not heard, mother is gone.

We meet this morning as a congregation, and as a community, to pay our last public tribute of respect to

the memory of one who during life was esteemed and loved by all, and who held an honored place—not only in this community, but in every community where the influence of her noble life had been felt. There are those in this church this morning who knew Mother Wirt better than the speaker, and could with much more accuracy review her honored life; but, my knowledge of her life is sufficient to convince me that her character was not gilded but gold, not nickel-plate but solid silver, and such a life is worthy of review.

Mrs. Sarah Potter Wirt was born February 13, 1820, near Oberlin, Ohio, where her early years were spent, and where, doubtless, those sterling traits of character, which showed themselves in later years, were developed.

In 1845 Miss Sarah Potter was married to Rev. David Wirt, a missionary in the Congregational Church, and, with her husband, marched to the frontier, becoming a power for good in the evangelization of this country. Mrs. Wirt worked fifty long years, and during her husband's active ministry labored in thirty different fields. Had Mother Wirt lived until the 3d of April next she would have celebrated her golden wedding, and not only her golden wedding, but the seventy-fifth anniversary of a golden life.

Her last field of labor was Kenwood; she died a member of this Church; the sunset of her saintly life rests with us. Mother Wirt was a lady of religious fervor, and wherever she went she carried sunshine and happiness. Her life in this community is too well known to require commendation from me; this large gathering speaks louder than words your esteem and respect for the deceased. Many monuments and mausoleums are erected over the graves of the great, but a more noble

monument, more lasting, more endearing, can never be constructed than a Christian life; this will stand the finger of decay and the criticism of the world. If the dear sister had breathed her last in our midst there would have been many friends to stand by her dying bed, and close with affectionate hand the eyes cold in death. But circumstances did not permit us to follow all that was mortal of our sister to its last resting place, and lay upon her grave our tokens of esteem and love, but we have a more precious gift than her dead body—we have the living presence of her noble life and Christian example. We sympathize this morning with those from whom a loved one has been taken, but with them we rejoice "that the memory of the just is blessed."

W. M. Massie, Pastor.

TRIBUTES.

[From the PACIFIC, San Francisco.]

Memorial services of the late Mrs. David Wirt were held in our little church at Kenwood last Sunday. The house was full, and the pastor, Rev. W. M. Massie, preached a very impressive sermon from the words, "The memory of the just is blessed." There were very few dry eyes in the congregation, as Mother Wirt filled a large place in the hearts of the good people of Kenwood. Mrs. Wirt was a member of this church when she died, and this church is now drawn nearer the gates of heaven by the assurance that one of their number is among those who continually wait before the throne of God in heaven. A very singular circumstance it was that occurred the day she was admitted to membership with us—Rev. Loyal L. Wirt conducted the service of the reception of members, and among those received were his own father and mother.

Deacon J. G. STEVENS,
Kenwood, Cal.

MOTHER WIRT GONE HOME.

[From the PACIFIC, San Francisco.]

The idolized mother of our State Sunday School Superintendent, Rev. Loyal L. Wirt, went to rest February 6th. One of her last words was, "I shall soon see President Finney." What an impression that mighty evangelist made on the glowing young hearts who flocked to Oberlin

in early days, as "bits of steel fly to a strong magnet." Miss Sarah Potter was a student in his home until President Finney married her to young David Wirt. What a share has been their's in the settling and evangelization of our country. Our youth must go on for missions if they "go West" to cover such territory as this devoted pair. From the Sheffield, Ohio, home, to Oberlin, after the marriage, April 3, 1845, to Fostoria, Seneca county, the home of Secretary Foster. They saw service also in Hartford and Liberty, Ohio..

In 1853–1854 at Henry, Ill.; 1855–1856, Amboy, Ill.; 1857 saw Mr. Wirt seaman's chaplain at Toledo, Ohio; 1858–1859, missionary at Allegan, Mich.; 1860–1863, Lamont, Mich.; 1864, general missionary, Muskegon valley, Mich.; 1865 and 1866, Portland, Mich.; 1867, New Baltimore, Mich.; 1868, South Haven, Mich.; 1869–1870, Fort Dodge, Iowa; 1871–1872, Northwestern Iowa as general missionary; 1873, Bloomington, Wis., and with headquarters at Ripon, they wrought on until 1877 in Wisconsin; 1878–1879, Desplanes, Ill.; 1880, Chebance, Ill.; 1881–1887, North Dakota occupied their energies. Superintendent Atkinson of Oregon kept them busy in 1888; Superintendent Beard called them to Medical Lake, Wash., for 1889–1890.

Our sunny California has had their hearty service at New York Landing, Tiburon and Kenwood these closing years, until within a few weeks of seventy-five years of age and the celebration of a golden wedding, the mother leads the way to the golden streets. How many souls she has gladdened by the way! What wide western investments! What heavenly treasures she has laid up! No wonder the children show home and foreign missionary zeal! How could they help it with such an heredity!

Pathetic, indeed, the longing of her heart for a home these many years, but of late she said, "I have found my home in the hearts of my children." A glorious mansion is our sister's, for she has sent up much material.

Rev. E. S. Williams,
Oakland, Cal.

Fargo, N. D., March 25, 1895.

Rev. David Wirt, 818 East Fifteenth Street, Oakland, Cal.:

My Dear Brother Wirt—Ever since seeing the notice of your dear wife's death it has been in my mind to write you a letter, and only long absences from home, together with some sickness, has prevented my getting at what is to me a pleasant duty to write to you. I can realize that you must indeed be lonely with Mrs. Wirt gone from you. Her life was a beautiful Christian life. We had all learned to love her very much here in North Dakota. I shall never forget the address she made at one of our Conferences, telling in her beautiful way of the sacrifices she was making, staying alone while you were off preaching and doing so much also for the Home Missionary work, which she loved so dearly. Her missionary pigs and missionary gardens have been frequent illustrations in my hands in giving addresses to the Ladies' Societies at the East. Her memory is a precious memory. Her life was a beautiful life. May God bless you and give you comfort in your sorrow in remembering all that she was to you and to the kingdom of God on earth.

Mrs. Simmons will be very glad to be remembered to you and to express her sympathy in your sorrow.

Most cordially yours, H. C. Simmons,
President Fargo College.

BIBLE HOUSE, N. Y., March 20, 1895.

Rev. David Wirt, East Oakland, Cal.:

DEAR BROTHER—Your sad letter of the 8th of March has been before me for several days, but I have delayed the answer in the hope that I might receive the sketch of your wife's life which you speak of in your letter; but I will wait no longer.

I most fully appreciate the dark valley through which you have passed, for I have been called to tread its gloomy path long before you did. Yet the Lord has mercies for those whom He afflicts, and I am sure you have had your full share of those consolations. Your wife has been spared to you these many long years to be your companion and helper, seconding your endeavors by her cheerful spirit of self-sacrifice. And then, too, you know that she has exchanged this life of toil and trial for the blessed mansions above, and it is not every man that can tell of eight children so well situated and so usefully employed. It must be a perennial source of joy to you to think of them.

The A. M. A. knows how to understand and value such self-sacrificing contributions as those that come from devoted Christians like your wife. The dried prunes are a sample of how the Christian heart plans and works to help build up the cause of Christ, and all such gifts have a double value from the prayers which accompany them.

With congratulations on your well-spent life, and the good that you have accomplished, together with the wish that you may have yet many days of usefulness and happiness. Very sincerely yours,

M. E. STRIEBY,
Secretary American Missionary Association.

MILLS COLLEGE P. O., April 5, 1895.

Mr. Wirt:

DEAR FRIEND—We all loved Mrs. Wirt tenderly. How could we help it? She seemed more like a being from the other world than a resident of this. Her smile was always heavenly, but at times so radiant that it seemed gilded with the very sunshine of the Celestial city. The joy of the Lord was surely her strength.

But most of all we marveled at and delighted in her dove-like gentleness of spirit, which never failed to manifest itself in action and tone. As memory recalls her again and again we see the tender, uplifted eyes, the sweet, holy smile, and hear the trembling, subdued accents, as she gave testimony to Him whom her soul loved. Jesus filled her life, and was the constant theme of her conversation. It was the fragrance of His Spirit who is the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley that made her life so inexpressibly sweet to those who had the joy of knowing her. She seldom spoke of anyone but Him, or if aught else occupied her attention for a little time it was some self-sacrificing plan to help along the work of His Kingdom.

Who that knew her can ever forget her utter unselfishness and tender regard for the comfort of others? The love of God was shed abroad in her heart to such a degree that it poured itself like a stream of golden sunshine upon all who came beneath its rays. She was verily a living epistle of Christ, read and known of all men.

Her dear husband (now left so lonely without the light of her sweet presence) and all of her children rose up to call her blessed, and not only is this true of those children who were hers by ties of nature, but also of

many others who felt that they were adopted as such into her great loving heart.

It was my privilege to see this dear saint a few hours before she was called to her eternal reward. Here on her dying bed was the supreme triumph of this beautiful Christian life manifested. Though she had suffered such physical agony, yet her countenance at this time bore no trace of it, but was filled with the serenity of heaven, while the glory of her assured hope in Christ beamed from every feature. Death had no sting, and the grave no victory. Her rare smile was unchanged, and I said, "I shall know you in heaven by that same sweet smile." She expressed herself as homesick for heaven, but with never-failing patience added that if Jesus wanted her to stay longer on earth she was willing. Dear suffering saint! The Lord did not require the sacrifice she was willing, if need be, to make, but called her to His bosom that very night, there to repose forevermore.

With what blessed force and significance come back to us the words, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

Praise God for such a life, for such a death! May her memory ever encourage us to follow on in her footsteps, and to endure to the end. And at last in the glad resurrection morning we shall see our loved one again, and rejoice together in our blessed Redeemer, who has made it possible for us to say, "Death is swallowed up in victory." God bless you.

Yours in Him,

CARRIE JUDD MONTGOMERY.

MOTHER'S LAST WORDS.

These are but a few of the many sweet and precious utterances which fell from her lips during the last hours. They were taken down *ver batim* by the watchers:

"Dear children, what wonderful messages you will get from your Bibles when I am gone! In all your conflicts you will see how Jesus can bring you through. He will bring victory out of every travail."

"Who will pray for the children every day when mother is gone?"

She sang three times, "I'm going home tomorrow."

"He saves a poor sinner like me," she sang often during her illness.

"'Living waters,' all I want to drink."

"When troubles rise like mountains in the way, and it gets too hard, maybe mother can come back and make some suggestions."

"I'll tell Jesus all about it—how faithful and good you have been."

"Fifty years ago President Finney married us, and we sang at our wedding a hymn that you will find marked in my Dakota hymn book, '1845.' Now it is 1895. Jesus has kept his word with us all these fifty years. I wish you would sing it now." (We sang her to sleep with it):

"Father, whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

"Give me a calm, a thankful heart
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

"Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

"Just going through the gates into glory! Hallelujah!" (Often repeated).

"'There is sunshine in my soul today.' Yes, the light shines down through the darkness into our souls."

"'Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

"Just entering into glory! Glory! Glory! Glory!" (Repeated many times during the week. Sometimes softly to herself with her eyes shut. Often wide awake, full of a radiant joy, and as near a shout as her weakness permitted).

"I once longed for a little home that should be all our own, but where could I find such a home as I have in the love and affection of the children?"

"I didn't quite finish the Sunday School rug."

"'In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer.' I have overcome the world."

"Not my will, Lord; not my will, but Thy will."

"'And your joy no man taketh from you.'"

"Getting ready for a long journey. Blessed journey! Blessed journey! No more sorrow!

(Repeated the morning before the end):

"I have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and calm though the billows roll;
Fastened to the rock that cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love."

"I wish we would never be afraid that God condemns us for our sin. He only condemns us if we choose to *coutinue* in it and keep on sinning."

"In the home above love banishes all sin."

"'Oh, death, where is thy victory?" Death is swallowed up of life."

"I was just thinking how I wanted to take all your burdens and disappointments along with me, but they will work out for you such a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory that I must not rob you of your crowns.

The tree that God plants grows!
The tree that God plants grows!
The wind may blow east, or the wind may blow west.
But the tree that God plants grows!

"'Knowest thou not that thou art blind? I counsel thee to buy of me eyesalve that thou may'st see." (While we were laving her eyes, at her request, this passage was looked up and read to her—Rev. iii: 18).

Sunday, February 3rd: "Good morning, Resurrection morning! Won't you have family worship in my room this morning?" (We had worship in her room. It was her last Sabbath on earth).

"Whatever God wills is good. How miserable our own wills make us."

"'Kept—by the power—of God, through faith—unto salvation—ready to be revealed at the last day!'" (Slowly and with great feeling).

"I remember that Jennie said to me once, 'Mother, if you *should* be disappointed at the last you'd be *dreadfully* disappointed.' But 'He is the Resurrection and the Life.' Can I be disappointed when I trust those words of promise, '*Because* I live, ye shall live also!' A poor sinner, saved by grace, I am nothing; but if *He says so*, can I fail?"

"Children, enjoy all those good words while you go along. Enjoy all that Jesus has said to you."

"It is so, not because I feel so, but because Jesus says so. Feelings are a wonderful pair of wings, sometimes, but we rest on the Word. That is what the children depend upon—just papa's word."

"Darling children, how I will be waiting for you! May be Jesus will let me come often back to you; may be He will. Love will make the pathway."

"It grows lighter! It grows lighter!"

"Tell them not to lead an artificial life. Life is real and earnest. Everything God has said about it is true, and He is underneath us with His mighty, mighty arms."

"I am fighting, but 'not as one that beateth the air.'"

"Tell the children to pray for themselves every day now that mother will not be here to pray for them. Pray hard."

"Dear Bible! Dear Bible! Dear Bible! I want you all to be more familiar with your Bibles than mother has been. Have it so that whenever you want to recall a passage, there it is."

"You know, darling, you and I were talking about Nellie's education, and you said you thought a good Bible education was what she needed more than anything else. I know it now! I know it now! Let her study anywhere only so she can be at home in the dear Bible."

"I won't go until God says so."

"Tell pa we shall meet in glory."

"What shall I render to my God for all His benefits? This pain is nothing. Its all glory."

"How I have loved the hills, and I shall soon be able to see all over God's beautiful hills—the hills of Paradise."

"Green fields, still waters; I shall want to get right into that River of Water of Life. I'll swim in it, won't I?"

"Dear children, have the Bible thoroughly at your command. I haven't had it familiar enough. Get it so that its *yours*."

"This is a little fellowship meeting around my bed, isn't it?"

"He means that 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

"Is it most night? Never forsake—no, not to the 'ages of the ages.' How can He, when He felt our griefs?"

"In time! In time! In God's time!"

"Glory! Glory! Glory! What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits given? Glory to His name! *Precious* name!"

"His name is 'Faithful!' Hallelujah!"

"We fight the battles of the years, then lay down our armor and rest. Blessed rest! Blessed rest!"

"Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"He shall take unto Himself His great power and reign in all the earth."

"Oh, there never was a mother had such children! How blessed to have you go with me down the stream of life."

"'I am the Life,' dear Jesus! 'I am the Life, and the Truth, and the Way.' I am glad Jesus left us that wonderful verse. Do you know the meaning of 'Life' and 'Way?'"

"Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly." (Hands upraised).

"Dear Lord Jesus! Dear Lord Jesus, *Come!*"

"Yes, the children are in God's heart. That great heart! Those who have been mothers understand. That Great Heart!"

(Sang to herself):

"The Great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus."

"I don't know what to render to Him. I don't know what to tell Him in heaven to thank Him for all His mercies. I was afraid I could not raise the children just right, and I feared your father couldn't, and I struggled on through the years hardly knowing how they would come out. But see what God hath wrought! We were sure God would keep His word, and He has. He has kept His word and covenant. How faithful and true He has been to us concerning them."

"God's blessed children! He has kept His word. Tell it to mothers. He has not forsaken His promise as some men have."

"May be Georgie (who died at the age of two years) will have some one come with him to meet me."

(Sang to herself):

"Eternity is drawing nigh.
Praise, brethren, praise, the fight is ending;
Praise, brethren, praise, the skies are rending;
Behold! the glory draweth near,
The King Himself will soon appear,
Eternity is drawing nigh!"

"Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Glory to His name!"

"I love you all so much, blessed children."

"Coming, Lord Jesus, coming."

"Read the 6th chapter of Romans."

"On, on, On! Coming into an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled. Oh, how blessed that is! Incorruptible? undefiled! and that fadeth not away. Reserved for us in heaven! I see the inheritance, but I can't tell it. I wish I could tell it. Oh, Immortality!

incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away! Won't we show our shining faces! (Hers was already all alight).

"Lift up your heads, oh, ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in."

"Dear Jesus, lift me up in your arms and hold me awhile. I am so tired."

"Glory to God! I shall see my great and good Mr. Finney soon."

"Dear Jesus, put your arms right under me. Will heaven and earth ever be so near together again?"

"I love my boys, I love my girls—they can't tell how much I love them."

"My faithful God!"

(Singing to herself):

"Jesus the water of Life will give
Freely, freely, freely.
Jesus the water of Life will give
Freely to those that love Him."

"Oh, blessed to die! Sweet to die!"

(Singing):

"Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon.
Love, Rest, and Home; sweet, sweet home,
Lord, tarry not, but come."

3 P. M.—"Am I almost home?"

"Yes, mother."

"I am so glad? I am so glad! (four times). Dear Saviour! Almost home! Almost home!"

"Dying isn't anything. Death isn't dying. Death is life. It is just being planted by the River of Water of Life. Plenty of Water of Life."

"Oh, Jesus, take me now! Take me now! (hands upraised).

4 P. M.—"He giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Mrs. Carrie Montgomery called and said, "Ah, you have your own sweet smile yet. I shall know you in glory by that smile. What shall I pray for?"

Mother answered, "Pray that God's own sweet will may be perfectly done in me." (We knelt and Mrs. Montgomery prayed.)

February 6th, 5 P. M.—"I want to go! I want to go! Can I wait? Yes, I can wait."

(Entered upon immortality at 11:20 P. M.)

Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast.
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best—
"Good-night!"

Only "Good-night," beloved—not "Farewell!"
A little while and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union, indivisible—
"Good-night!"

Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robes He gives His own;
Until we know even as we are known—
"Good-night!"

THIS BOOK MUST BE
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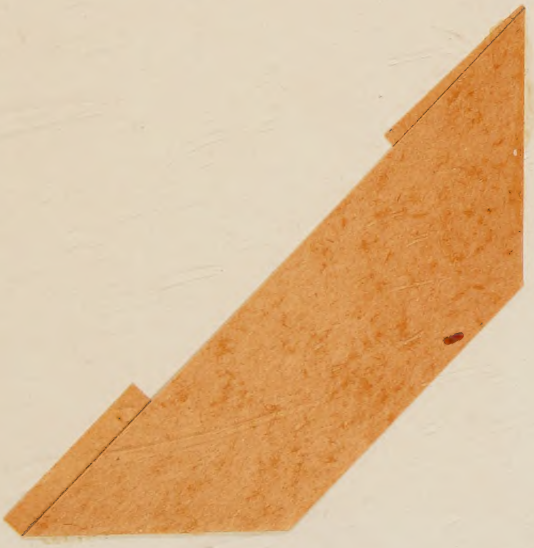

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